VOL. 3. MARCH, 1900. NO. 5.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY

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Published by S. E. Cassino, Boston and Salem.

AN AGENT wanted in every City and Town in the United States.

Contents of Little Folks, March, 1900.

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LITTLE FOLKS.

EDITED BY

CHARLES STUART PRATT AND ELLA FARMAN PRATT.

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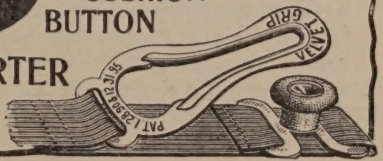

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THE FIRE FAIRIES.

Last Sunday we had a jolly fire in the big fire-place, and when it grew dark I climbed upon Papa's lap and asked him to tell me about the Fire Faires. He put his arm around me and said:

"Once a little acorn lay on the ground and sighed, Oh dear, I am of no use in this world. If I was a big chestnut, someone might pick me up, but I am only an acorn and no one wants me. "Dear little acorn," said a gentle voice, "don't feel so sad. Everyone in this world who wants to do good can be useful. I am Queen of the Fire Fairies and heard your wish. I can tell you how you can do some good. I will send the rain drops to soften your hard shell and my little Fairies will slide down the sun beams and make you nice and warm so that you can get out of your prison"

The Queen of the Fire Fairies went home to the sun and told her little people that she had some work for them to do, that a poor little acorn wanted to make someone happy and had asked for aid. You never heard such a clapping of hands as there was in Fairyland. All the good fairies wanted to go at once, but some of the bad fairies said they had rather stay at home where they were nice and warm.

Soon Fairyland was astir and every sunbeam that left the big sun was turned into a little sled to carry the fairies to the poor lonely acorn. Each one brought a basket of light and heat and soon the acorn grew out of its shell and began to drink the dew. Then two tiny leaves looked out and the little root began to go down into the warm earth, and soon there was a little oak tree instead of an acorn. The fairies danced on the leaves until they grew tired when they laid down to sleep. There are many roads to slumber-land and when they awoke they found that the little leaf had opened doors and carried them into little houses. Some of the Fairies did not like to be shut up in the house and began to kick and scream to get out. They said they did not want to help the little acorn grow. They only came along for the fun of it, but the good Fairies set to work.

After many years a gentleman came into the forest and said, "What a beautiful tree this is. I want it for the King's chair." Soon men came with axes and cut down the tree but did not hear it say, "Now I am going to be of some use in the world, thanks to the raindrops and my good little friends, the Fire Fairies, who have worked so hard to make me grow." The chair was the most beautiful ever seen and the King used it for his throne, but the slabs were cut up and used for fire wood.

As each little door was burned away, the good fairies jumped out and said Snap?, but the bad fairies said Snap! When the bad fairies tried to fly they found they had no wings and so fell down into the ashes, but the good fairies flew up the chimney and back to the sun. Papa said if I would look at the sun some summer day as it set, I might be able to see what big people called the sun drawing water, but this he thought was the good little fairies sliding down the sunbeam.

I told Papa that I wished I was a little fire fairy and could make somebody happy.

"Why Little Duffer, said Papa, don't you know you have made many children happy the last month by sending the picture of your dollies in their union suits? I am sure that all the babies to whom you have sent the Patent Wrapper are glad that my Little Duffer is playing he is a Fire Fairy."

Next month I will tell you about Old Pete, my Grandpa's old pony. Yours,

Little Duffer.

☞If any of our readers would like to see Duffer or a picture of his dolls in their union suits, they can do so by sending a two-cent stamp to Little Duffer, care of Muskegon Knitting Mills, Muskegon, Michigan.

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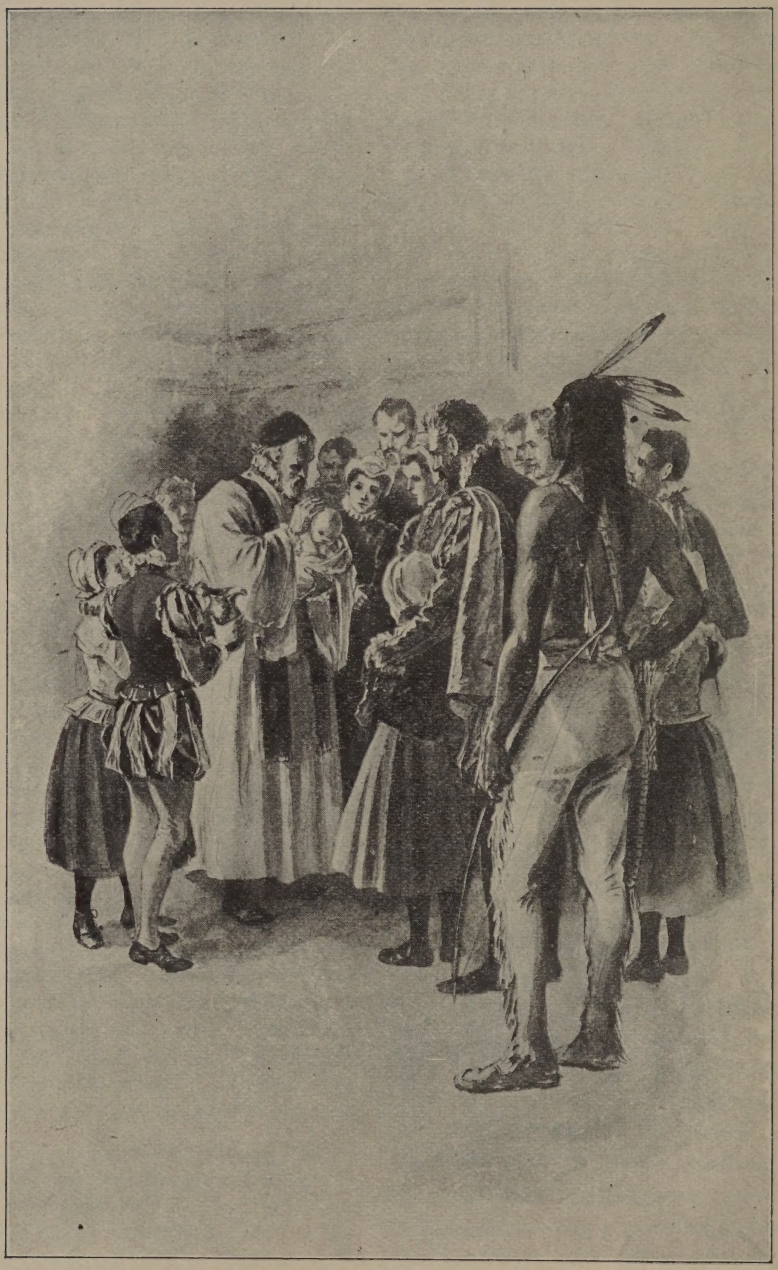

THE CHRISTENING OF LITTLE VIRGINIA DARE. (See page 138.)

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. III. MARCH, 1900. NO. 5.

MARCH.

MARCH in a hurry, March in a flurry,
March all a-fling, all a-wing,
Blows for a season, blows for a reason—
Blows open the door of the spring!

M. J. H.

FIVE KITTENS.

WILLIE was in the back yard, digging in a deep hole, where he was making a cave to live in, when he heard that faint little "*meu, me-u, me-u.*"

He dropped his spade and ran to the corner of the yard. He got down on his knees and pulled the grass away from the fence; and what do you think he found?

Why, five little kittens! There was a white-and-black one, two striped with gray, and two were Maltese, except their white feet. The Maltese were the prettiest.

Willie put them all in his kilt skirt, and carried them into the house.

"Oh, take them away!" said Mama.

"But, Mama!" said Willie.

"We've got old Tom, and I don't want any more cats; take them back, so their mother can find them," said Mama.

"But, Mama!" said Willie again.

"Go right along and do as I tell you, Willie."

Willie felt that he was going to cry; but he took the kittens

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back, and put them in the grass. He sat down by them and waited a long time for their mother, a long time, but she did not come.

At last he put them all in his skirt again, and went into the house.

"The mother-cat won't come, and they cry hard," he said.

"Well, you can't help it," said his mother.

"What can I do with them?" said Willie, so sorry for the kittens.

WILLIE FELT VERY PLEASED

"I guess you had better leave them in the grass; their mother will find them by and by."

"But they are hungry, Mama. Can't I give them a saucer of milk?"

"Yes, go to Bridget," said Mama.

They would not drink a drop; and when Willie put their mouths down into the milk, they got choked, and cried harder.

Then he went out and put them back in the grass again, where they cried and cried very pitifully, all five of them.

After a while he brought them all back to his mother in the skirt of his kilt.

"Mama," he said, "I can't bear to have the little things stay there and cry. May I do something with them?"

"What is it you want to do, Willie?"

"I want to take your pretty little basket, and go around and peddle them to the neighbors."

"Well, you can," said his mother, after a moment; "but you mustn't ask them to pay money for kittens."

"Oh, of course not, Mama."

Willie felt very pleased and important when he set off with his basket of kittens.

He had good success. A sweet old lady next door said she would adopt one; and Little Mary Lane took the black-and white kitten; Mrs. Bounce said she did not love a cat, but may-be it wou'd catch mice, and so she would take one of the Maltese with white feet. Willie's Aunt Hattie took a striped one, and his grandma liked the other Maltese; so when Willie came home his basket was empty.

He went out to dig in his cave again; but soon he came in and said, "Mama I feel awful lonesome! I wish you'd let me keep one of the kittens."

"But you have peddled them all away," said Mama.

"Mrs. Bounce don't love cats," said Willie, "and she'd let me have back the one she has. It's so pretty and I do want a little kitten so bad! Can't I go and get it, Mama?"

"Well, Willie," said his mother at last, half laughing, "I don't know what to do with you; but you must explain it to Mrs. Bounce, and then if she will give up her kitten, you may keep it."

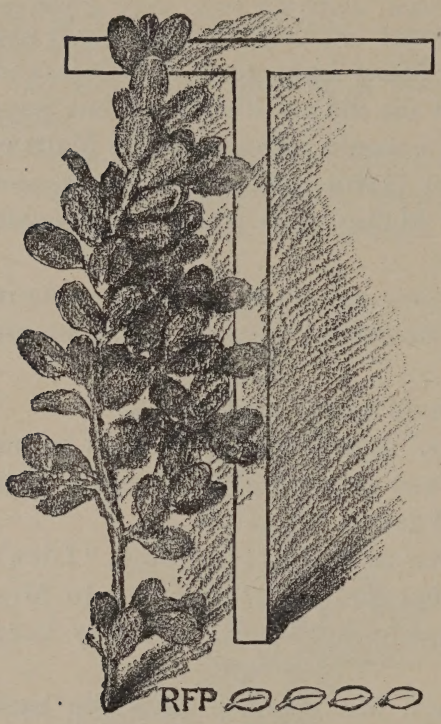
Off Willie ran. Sure enough Mrs. Bounce gave him back the Maltese kitten; and he was so happy he forgot to ever dig in his cave again!

Mary Spaulding Hatch.

THE FRISKY SPRING FROGS.

ROUND AND ROUND THE GREEN BOX BED.

(*Two Little Southern Girls and Their Garden-Plays.*)



A BRANCH OF BOX.

THERE was a round bed in Grandmother's garden. In the center of this circular bed was a sun-dial. All around the bed was a border of small box-trees. Each box-tree was trimmed as round as round could be. They sat on end around the edge of the bed for all the world like great round eggs, a circle of great green eggs, each two feet high!

When my sister and I grew tired of everything else, why, we went to the box-bushes to look for our fortunes.

There was a round brown hollow down in the midst of each green ball, and we pulled back the stiff green on top and we peeped down in the round brown hole, and we always found in there—nothing at all!

And we always laughed just as happily every time as if we had found—everything nice!

We ran round and round and round the circular bed, while the summer sun shone on us and the sun-dial marked time, and we opened green boxes and looked into brown hollows, until we forgot which box we began with, and whether we had been *all* around; and so we had to mark where we began to look for our fortune with a rose stuck into the stiff greenness of that box, and to mark where we left off with a lily stuck into that.

And the next morning the game was just as fresh and nice as ever, for we fancied the fairies had been out all

night, with the little nasturtium leaves for umbrellas, and might have left our fortune in any one of those tiny box-trees.

And perhaps we found something as good as fortunes in sunshine, in exercise, in merry expectation, and—when when we grew old—in happy memories of the circular box-bordered bed about Grandmother's sun-dial.

Martha Young.

JACK FROST'S LITTLE MEN.

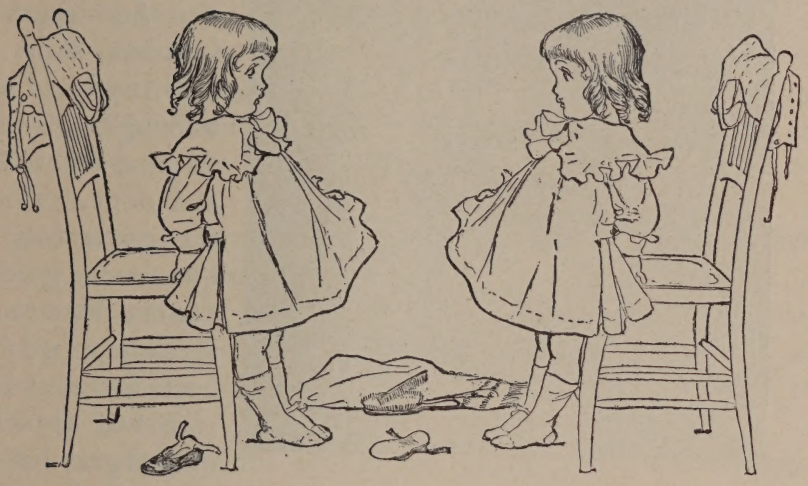
ONE FROM THE OTHER NO ONE KNEW.

PINK AND BLUE.

TWIN little toddlers of three years old
As like each other as two small peas,
Or pins from a paper just unrolled,
Or a pair of busy little bees,
Or anything else on earth you please!
And one from the other no one knew,
Save that Freddy wore pink, and Franky wore blue!

Should you pause and ask these baby men,
"How do you tell yourselves apart?"
Half between laughter and earnest; then
Rousing from play with look and start
As if with one beat of each little heart,
With serious eyes they would answer you,
"Why, Freddy wears pink, and Franky wears blue!"

But now, to relate in my little verse
A woful chance that one day befell,
A chance that surely could scarce be worse!
For, puzzled one from the other to tell,
Bewildered Nora, their new-come nurse,
The very first morning, confusing the two,
Dressed Franky in pink, and Freddy in blue!



"OH, WHAT SHALL WE EVER DO?"

So now this pair of Goldilocks
(Locks that hang in a bang over hazel eyes)
Regard their two little changeling frocks
With looks of ever-increased surprise!
And, instead of their confident replies,
They say, "Oh, what shall we ever do?
For Franky wears pink and Freddy wears blue!"

Kate Putnam Osgood.

THE Earth's the Boat, the Sky's the Sea—
All safe and dry away sail we!

M. J. H.

POOR BABY DARE.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
(From painting in National Gallery, London)

THREE hundred years ago the great Elizabeth was Queen of England—the splendid enterprising Elizabeth, who sent her captains and her ships all over the world, and built up England as no king before her had done. When this great English queen, in jeweled stomacher and spreading petticoats and stiff lace ruff, was growing old and gray-haired, a little English baby was born who is very interesting to all English-speaking children. It was in 1587. In that year many other English babies were born, just as pretty and just as dear, whose names are forgotten—but they were born in England. This little baby is remembered because she was the first baby born in the queen's new land across the Atlantic, on the coast of the red Indian's land—and because of her strange story.

It was long, long ago. Columbus had discovered America only a century earlier, and it was a third of a century before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. The Spaniards, following Columbus, had settled in the south, in Florida and Mexico, but the English had no settlement at all on the mainland of America.

But Englishmen had roused up, and were looking across the Atlantic, and planning to get their share of the New World. The leader of these men was Sir Walter Raleigh. He was the same Raleigh who spread his new velvet cloak in the mud for Queen Elizabeth to walk over—and he was high in her favor ever after.

Raleigh had fitted out many ships and men to go to the new land—so many that he was called "The Shepherd of the Sea." Raleigh's first colonies did not succeed, and in the spring of 1587 he fitted out another, of over a hundred men and women, and ten children—the first English children to come to the New World. These people sailed in charge of Governor John White, who was to found a city in the new land and name it Raleigh.

Steamers now cross the Atlantic in one week, but the little sailing vessels of that time were three months on the way; so it was mid-summer when the colony landed on Roanoke Island off the coast of what is now North Carolina. It was Virginia then, named by Raleigh after Elizabeth, who was called the "Virgin Queen."

We may be sure the eyes of the ten English children opened wide at all the wonders of the New World—the cedars and cypress, sassafras and palms, the many strange flowers, and birds, and beasts, and above all at the little red children of the Indians. No doubt the little red children thought the ten little pale-faces quite as strange.

And soon after the landing there was another little pale-face for them to wonder at—"poor Baby Dare" herself! For among the colonists was Governor White's daughter Eleanor, and her husband Annanias Dare; and about a month after they reached Roanoke, on August 18, 1587, little Baby Dare was born. And though, as I have said, thousands of English babies born that year have been forgotten, Baby Dare will never be forgotten, because she was the first English baby born in all America.

In the little log chapel, which the settlers had built, the colonists gathered one bright day soon after, for the christening of the little new-comer. The font was the family's silver water-

ewer, and the sponsor was the baby's grandfather, Governor White himself. Baby Dare was christened Virginia, after the queen's new land where she was born.

We may be sure the ten children of the colony were all at this famous christening. And there were other guests, such as never before came to the christening of an English child; for a number of red Indians had come across from the mainland, and were there in the little log chapel.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.
(From an old engraving.)

The old chronicle relates that, after the ceremony, the sachem, a tall grand-looking savage, named Manteo, asked to be baptized too. His wish was granted, and his dusky followers stood with awe-struck faces while the pastor sprinkled him with water from his fingers, and said a prayer.*

No sooner was Manteo baptized than he looked proudly around and said, "Now Manteo white, like pale-faces!"

Then a looking-glass was held before him, and when he saw that he was not white, but copper-colored as before, he turned away astonished and disappointed.

Now comes the strange part of little Virginia Dare's story, and the sad part that makes us think of her as "poor Baby Dare."

The colonists soon found they would need many supplies

*Accounts differ as to the date of Manteo's baptism, some placing it the week before the christening of Virginia Dare.

from England, and, only nine days after Baby Dare was born, her grandfather, Governor White, kissed her good-bye, and sailed back to England in the one ship the colony had.

At best, it would have been half a year before he could return; but when he reached home he found England at war with Spain, and though Raleigh did not forget his colony away off on the coast of the red Indian's land in the New World, and did his best to send help, it was three years instead of six months when Governor White sailed back to Roanoke.

We can fancy how his heart bounded with joy at the thought of meeting his daughter Eleanor and his little granddaughter Virginia, and how he strained his eyes to catch the first sight of the settlement as they neared the coast.

It was sunset when they came to land. Governor White thought he saw lights through the dusk, but when he went ashore there were no lights—no people—no daughter Eleanor—no little Virginia!

The cabins were standing, but deserted. The paths were grassed over, vines grew across the doors, and wild deer were feeding on the ripe melons and cucumbers in the gardens. Shouts and trumpet-notes brought no replies. Governor White and his men searched everywhere. They found books torn from their covers, bars of iron, old maps, and a suit of rusted armor; and in the cabin of the Dares Governor White found little Virginia's cradle, and on the floor beside it lay one tiny shoe. That was all.

Only one word had the colonists left behind them. When Governor White sailed for England, it was agreed that, should they leave the place, they would carve on the trees the name of the place to which they were going—and if they went in trouble a cross was to be cut beneath. Governor White and his men finally found the word *Croatan* carved on a tree, but no cross. Croatan was an Indian village on another island—but no search then or by later colonists found any trace of the lost colony—the hundred and six men and women, the ten children, and little Baby Dare, had all vanished—and through the three hundred years since no trace of them has ever been found.

So the city of Raleigh was not founded by Governor White; but two hundred years after, when the English colonies which Raleigh led at the start had become the United States, the capital of North Carolina was named Raleigh. And on Roanoke Island today is a town called Manteo, after the old Indian sachem who went to little Virginia Dare's christening. And County Dare, on the mainland opposite Roanoke Island, today keeps green the memory of Baby Dare—"poor Baby Dare!"

Fred Myron Colby.

A DOG WITH A CONSCIENCE.

(*A True Story.*)

LADDIE was a Scotch collie. He lived on a large beautiful green milk-farm, and his business was to take the cows to and fro through the shady lanes, from the barn to the pasture, and from the pasture home again at sunset. Laddie liked this work, and he did it as well as a man could. He seemed to know every cow by name. If he were told to take Buttercup to her stall, he would go among the cows and single out Buttercup, and drive her to her own place in the barn.

It was because Laddie was so bright and capable, about everything he tried to do, that one day the idea came into his mistress' head that he could learn to do the churning.

So she had a large wheel made, with a broad tire, and this wheel was attached to the churn. At the end of a week Laddie had learned his part. When the churning was to be done he was called, and was expected to jump up on the wheel, after which a strap was fastened to his collar to keep him there, and

LADDIE LEARNED TO DO THIS DUTY VERY WELL.

his duty then was to tread the broad tire as if walking. His steps caused the wheel to turn the crank of the churn. At this task he had to labor until the cream was changed into butter.

Laddie learned to do this duty very well, but he never learned to like to do it. It was dull business to walk on one spot and never get anywhere! His head and tail always went down when he was called to "Come and churn!" Once in a while he would hide away on churning morning.

One day Laddie came into the house, looking very downcast and guilty. It was not churning morning, but he went into the milk-room where the churning was always done, mounted the wheel, and began to work with all his might.

His mistress wondered at this, and finally discovered that Laddie had killed a hen. It seemed very clear that he thought he ought to be punished in some way, and so took upon him-

self, of his own will, the most disagreeable kind of punishment he could think of.

Laddie was indeed anxious to do right. His mistress was always distressed if he came in and crossed the floors and carpets with muddy feet, and at last she set to work to teach him to wipe his feet, like a person. Laddie learned to do it; and if he ever neglected it, a reproving word would send him back to the door-mat, where he would stand and solemnly rub and clean each foot.

Yes, Laddie wanted to do right.

Rose Thorne.

THERE'S A WONDERFUL LAND UP THE CHIMNEY.

UP THE CHIMNEY.

THERE are elves who live in the chimney,
For I see them every night,
When I lie on the rug in my little white gown,
In the glow of the warm firelight;
In the merriest maddest frolic
They whirl, they dance, and they float,
While the jolly old fire
Leaps higher and higher
And laughs up the chimney's throat!

There's a wonderful land up the chimney
Where everything's strange and rare,
Where golden apples grow on the trees,
And there's silver clouds in the air;
And out from the crumbling castles
Brave knights, in battle array,
Ride forth at my call,
To fight and to fall,
And are buried in ashes gray!

The sandman lives up in the chimney,
And he keeps an eye on me,
And just when I'm watching a fairy fleet
Sail over a silver sea,
He gives the sand-bag a gentle shake,
Just to see what I will do;
And then, only think!
If I happen to wink,
Why—I'm off up the chimney too!

Olive M. Harris.

HELPING MOTHER.

WE like to help our mother when she's working all the day,
My little sister dear and I can help in many a way;
For when she sweeps we help to dust the tables and the chairs,
We get her everything she wants down cellar or up stairs;
We carry water for the plants and pick the opened flowers,
And then she puts them in a vase and calls them hers and ours;
We put our toys up in their trunk when we are through with play,
And say, "We've worked so *very* hard it's been the shortest day,
And time for any other work we never could have found!"
But she says what helps her quite the most is having us around!

Margaret Goss Day.

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY.

CHAPTER V.—A Hurdy-gurdy Party and a Strange Visitor.

BILLY BOY whistled at the gate and back came Bevis, rushing wildly and barking as loud as he could and trying with all his might to shake off the monkey that still clung to his back.

Bevis was a very amiable dog; he liked to have the yellow kitten ride on his back and he had once allowed Polly, the parrot, who was only a visitor, to do so, but he drew the line at monkeys!

This monkey seemed to be clawing into poor Bevis' back, all the way, so it was no wonder that he didn't like him as a passenger. And he screamed as loud as Bevis barked. All the Browns came running to the door, and so did the neighbors.

Bee's grown-up sisters—Philena, who was nineteen, and Dorothy, who was seventeen—had cried, "oh dear! oh dear!" when they were told that Bee had bought a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey instead of a doll. Even Mama Brown's dear placid brow showed a little wrinkle.

But Mama Brown said, at once, that Bee had been told that she might spend her money for just what she liked best, so she mustn't be blamed; but she must take care that the monkey didn't trouble other people.

After a while Dorothy remembered that hurdy-gurdy parties were all the fashion, and she asked Bee to lend her both the hurdy-gurdy and the monkey for her birthday party!

But no one would be entertained by this monkey that made the dreadful noise. "He isn't the right monkey!" explained Bee in a tearful voice. "We've got all mixed up! A pumpkin has come instead of the drum for the Pekoe Guards!"

The monkey jumped off the dog's back and stood at Bee's feet with his paws clasped as if he were begging for forgiveness.

"You're a poor little fellow," said Bee, "but you're not the one I liked."

Another kind of noise was suddenly heard in the street—boys

NO WONDER BEVIS DIDN'T LIKE HIM AS A PASSENGER!

running and cheering. It was the Pekoe Guards coming to see the drum!

"I shouldn't want to be in your shoes when the fellows see that pumpkin!" said Billy Boy's brother Bob, cruelly.

But although Bob had spoken like that he was so kind as to hurry to the gate and explain to the fellows that the expressman had made a mistake and Billy Boy was not in the least to blame. That was just like Bob; when you thought he was going to be horrid he would do some kind thing for you.

It was the kinder because Bob would really have liked to be Captain of the Pekoe Guards himself and to have been sent to buy the drum!

"That pumpkin must have been intended for the Philibeg fair," said Dicky Dighton, whose father was a farmer.

"If that is true, then our drum has gone instead of the pumpkin to the Philibeg fair," said Iky Sands, who was at the head of the arithmetic class and knew how to put two and two together. "And we must go over to the fair and get it!"

"Do you suppose that the yellow-capped monkey has gone to the Philibeg fair"? asked Bee eagerly.

"One monkey is very much like another monkey," said Billy Boy. "This may be the yellow-capped monkey without his cap!"

"He hasn't any ear-rings," said Bee doubtfully. "And his manners are very different."

"His ears are pierced; he has worn ear-rings," said Billy Boy, examining the monkey's ears. "Some one may have stolen his cap and his ear-rings!"

"I'm sure he is the monkey that wore the red cap. The monkeys got changed, some way, like the drum and the pumpkin," said Bee. "I must go to the express-office and find out. "*Do* you think that the yellow-capped monkey has gone to the Philibeg fair?"

Every boy in the Pekoe Guards had his opinion about it, and they all talked together.

It was decided that they should all go to the Philibeg fair, the next day, to find the drum and the right monkey."

Papa Brown, who went to Gobang to his business, every

morning, said he would call at the express-office and find out whether anything was known there about these queer mistakes.

The next day was Saturday, a holiday. It seemed likely that they could all go to the fair, some on bicycles, some in carriages, some on foot.

When the plan was all arranged, Bee began to play on the hurdy-gurdy, It was a queer new-fashioned hurdy-gurdy, copied after some very old-fashioned ones. It played "Fisher's Hornpipe" and "Money Musk" and a great many jigs and dances, old and new, and as it played scenery and figures appeared before the glass front. A mill-wheel turned and a dusty miller carried bags of flour upon his back; a goose-girl drove her quacking flock into market; and a little sailboat hitched along through blue paper waves. It had been intended that the boat should glide along but the machinery was a little out of order, which was the reason why the hurdy-gurdy had been sold for so small a price.

The monkey sat upon the top of the hurdy-gurdy and held out his paw for pennies. He continually pulled at his head as if to take off his cap and hold that out for the money.

When he found he had no cap he uttered little angry cries.

The lawn was crowded with children and Dorothy had hung the Japanese lanterns in the porch.

Bob scowled and shook his head at Bee as soon as he could get a chance.

"There ought to be a charge," he said. "You have spoiled the show that you were going to have for the benefit of the church fair. A girl never has a business bump!"

"But we shall have the yellow-capped monkey and Polly for the show. People will be willing to pay," said Bee, and went on letting each girl have her turn playing the hurdy-gurdy.

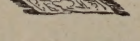
Just at that moment a carriage, driven rapidly, stopped at the gate. Some one alighted, and a little girl's voice called, across the lawn, "O *have* you seen anything of a monkey with a yellow cap?"

(*To be continued*).

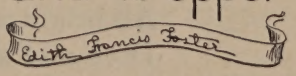
Sophie Swett.

JIMMY CROW.

V.

One day, sat down to knit on Jack's , and found one was gone. "Oh dear, that's too bad!" said she. "All the stitches dropped!" Pepper giggled, "Too bad, too bad!" Grandma looked into her , and under the —and when she got up were gone. "Dear, dear!" said she. "Where do they go?" giggled louder, and called, "Dear, dear! Too bad!" Grandma looked behind her , and under the  —and when she came back were gone. "Dearie me!" she cried, and held up both . Pepper giggled and giggled, and shrieked, "Dearie me! Jimmy Crow!" "Why, yes," cried Grandma, " is the thief, of course. Now where has he hid them?" Just then he flew

down and tried to pull out the last \. Grandma saw him, and called Jack. looked in the , he crawled under the , he climbed on a and reached into the on the . Jimmy Crow hopped about him and chuckled softly, "Caw, caw!" Then giggled and cried out, "Jimmy-Jimmy wants a !" "Oh, yes," said Jack, "let's give Jimmy a , and see where he takes it." Jimmy carried the cookie to the top of the . "That's the place. I'll get the ," Jack laughed. When he had climbed to the top, he shouted, "Grandma! Here are the \\\—and all the other things we have lost—your , and the , and my —and—lots of things!" As he came down with both hands full, Jimmy fluttered about his , and Pepper giggled and shrieked.



THE WONDERFUL KITE.

THERE were two little boys with curly heads,
And both were asleep in their little beds;
They had left for Dreamland, as such boys do,
With a laugh and a kiss as light as dew.

Each dreamed a fairy was brushing his lips
With her airy wings, all silvery tips,
And calling him off to a Dream-world bright;
And each, to go, had a wonderful kite.

Jack's kite was as blue as the azure sky;
"The jolliest, jolliest way to fly!"
Thought the little Jack as he first set sail,
And laughed as he looked behind at the tail.

The tail was the oddest thing in the world,
Neither rags, neither cord, nor paper curled,
But grew as he flew, from every place
Carrying away some especial grace.

Little fishes it caught up out of the sea,
All bright with silver and gold, and *so* wee;
Dozens of stars it swept down from the sky
As it wavered and wound and curled on high,

Till a baby bear from the great North Pole,
So round and so fat it could scarcely roll,
Got linked to a garland of gay red flowers
That grew, Jack knew, in the tropical bowers;

And long-eared bunnies, and tangles of shells,
And ferns and mosses from greenwood dells,
Were all a part of this wonderful tail
That hung from the kite of the Dreamland sail.

Jack's eyes grew big as he leaned on his kite;
He wondered what more could chance in a night!
Better than all the good times he had had
Was this Dreamworld ride to the little lad!

And dear little Fred—he, too, had a kite;
Yet how 'twould have sailed he never knew quite;
He saw it was red, its spangles were bright,
But ere he could start, it was broad daylight!

Such marvellous tales as Jack told to Fred,
As each sat up in his own little bed,
Would make a boy, were he only a mite,
Go wild to ride on that wonderful kite!

Then said little Fred, in a plaintive tone,
"I like *your* Dreamland more than my own!
"I know what I'll do"—with a sweet, bright glance,
And all his dimples a-twinkle, a-dance—

"When the lights are out, I'll jump in your bed,
And I'll hug you close, right close to your head,
And when you sail off to your Dreamland bright
I'll go along on the very same kite!"

Constance Conrad.

At the Big White Salmon Saw-Mill

PART I.—THE TRAIL.

DOROTHY went with her Mama one summer up into the mountains, to visit her Uncle Philip and Aunt Lilly, and the children, at the Big White Salmon Saw-mill.

To go up there you had to walk, or ride on horseback, or else go away round, fourteen miles, in a wagon, along a long high ridge.

No matter how you went, it was worse than the worst kind of a dream to go over any of those roads if you could not bear to be up high and could not bear to look down over the edges. But Dorothy was not afraid to look down and her Mama was not afraid, and so they went up on horseback.

When you were once up, you saw that there were many delightful flat safe places. Of course Uncle Philip's big saw-mill stood in one place, and had to have room for its logs, and for Uncle Philip's office; and the Dynamo had a place; and the men's boarding-house stood on another of the flat places; and the Dynamo Man's house had the dearest little grassy place all to itself, with sweet peas all around the edge of it.

Uncle Philip's house, where they were to stay during their visit, stood right against a high mountain-side, so that you could reach out of the back window up-stairs and touch the ferns and stones and the old bare brown roots of the trees.

At first Dorothy did not like the Dynamo; but she soon saw

that if it were not for the Dynamo and the Dynamo man, they could not telephone down to the railroad station at the foot of the big mountain for things to be sent up, and she could not tell her papa away in the city six times a day not to forget that the Pilger boy next door had promised her one of the pug puppies, first choice, and that he could choose, for he was a judge of pug puppies.

And if it were not for the Dynamo of course they could not have electric lights up there at night making it light as day for the children to play on the saw-mill logs till nine o'clock summer evenings.

At Uncle Philip's there were three children; and at the boarding-house there were four. At the Dynamo Man's they did not have any children, but they had a pet owl. But only one of the boarding-house children counted; because the littlest one was the baby, and the oldest one worked in the mill, and Sarepta had to help her mother every minute.

The one that did count was a boy and his name was Benjie. All Benjie did was chores, when he was out of school, and the rest of the time he could play.

You might not think there would be any school up at the saw-mill, but there was; and it lasted all summer, since in winter there could not be any school because the snow was so deep.

Aunt Lilly's baby was too little to play with; and the twins were hardly more than babies; so Dorothy might have grown very lonesome in the long days if they had not started the Trail.

They started it late one afternoon, on the hill back of the boarding-house. Not many big trees stood on that hill for they had been cut down long ago; but their stumps were left, and there were a great many thickets of young fir trees not much higher than Dorothy. Mrs. Dickson, the boarding-house keeper, said it was a good hill for the children to play on, because if they started to roll down, they could not roll very far, on account of the big mossy stumps and the thickets of little fir-trees. The hill also had a great many clean, nice, shelving places all covered with grass. When the sun shone down hot among the fir thickets

they gave out sweet, healthful odors, and so did the kinnikinnick vines all over the ground.

It truly was a good hill for the children to play on. They could start from the Dynamo Man's house and go over a little log bridge across a dry gully, and then wind around up that sweet green hill. Dorothy's mother, and Aunt Lilly, as well as Mrs. Dickson, said it was a beautiful hill to play on.

That afternoon when they started the Trail, Benjie Dickson

CLEARING THE TRAIL.

took along his hatchet, and Twin Teddy had an old coffee-mill which he dragged after him with a string, and Twin Dora carried her doll, and Dorothy had a cup of wild strawberries and a ginger cookey in one hand to have a picnic with, and in her other hand she carried a doll-buggy dangling by its tongue.

They really needed a Trail; for it is not pleasant to carry a doll-buggy, yet it could not be dragged up through the brush.

So Benjie went to work with his hatchet to chop out the little

fir-trees and dig away brush and stones to make a Trail, and the other children helped all they could.

It was supper-time before they had cleared very far, and it had begun to grow dark on the hill. So they sat down and ate the ginger cookey and all the strawberries that Dorothy had not spilled, and then they came hopping down, glad they had made a beginning on the Trail.

Twin Teddy dragged his coffee-mill after him as they came over the bridge, and they all loved to hear it rattle. It rattled better than most things, and made you think of a good new wagon.

Benjie said he had some wheels, and that he believed he could make a real wagon to pull up the Trail, so they could draw the picnic things in it when they wanted to have a picnic.

The next afternoon, while Benjie was at school, the twins and Dorothy went up and worked on the Trail, and the next. Benjie fairly flew in doing his chores after school in order to get more time. The other children had worked till their knees felt weak and their hands were scratched. They were very proud to show Benjie, when he came up, the beautiful winding track they had made by dragging over it the doll-buggy and the coffee-mill. It truly did look like a tiny travelled road.

Saturday Benjie made the wagon. The Dynamo Man helped him, and when it was finished it was very stout and good, so good that Mary Ellen, Aunt Lilly's hired girl, said it would do for a Mover's wagon.

The minute Mary Ellen said that, Benjie ran and found some old keg hoops and cut them into semi-circles, and nailed them over the wagon to stretch a white cover on, so that it *would* be a Mover's wagon. Mary Ellen was so much interested that she brought out some old white flour-sacks and helped tack them over the hoops for the canvas cover.

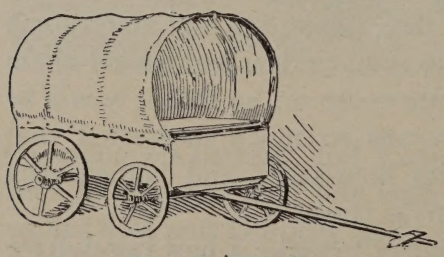
Dorothy worked hard all Monday to make a new rag-doll for the mother to the Mover's wagon. She dressed up Dora's old old rubber doll for the father to it. Then she made ten little doll-children with pink dresses and blue sun bonnets; and when all were finished she made a potato-dog to sit beside the father-doll on the front seat of the wagon.

When Benjie came home from school that night he was panting for breath because time was so "scarce" that he had run all the way.

They loaded up the wagon as soon as they could after Benjie got his chores done. They put in a feather-bed from the doll's cradle, and a box of doll-dishes, and a Mother Goose book, and a pasteboard chair with a pin-cushion seat, and the doll-quilts, and some bread and cold meat, and some of Mrs. Dickson's chicken-wheat in a box at the back end of the wagon, to feed the horses.

And then they started up the Trail. Benjie and Dorothy did not want the coffee-mill to go this time, nor the doll-buggy. But the twins could not give up either one. Dorothy said they could not wait to dispute, and Benjie said he supposed all sorts of things besides movers *might* go over the Trail, and Teddy and Dora repeated contentedly after him, "*Yes*—all sossa-things goes over Trails, dont they!" And they were so happy that Benjie and Dorothy scarcely minded their funny bumpings and botherings.

The Trail was really very good, and the mother-doll was only jolted out of the wagon once. The Movers' children cried a few times and had to be given bread and butter, and once the "off" horse (Benjie) backed dreadfully, but they finally wound their way up to a very good camping-place, and stopped there.

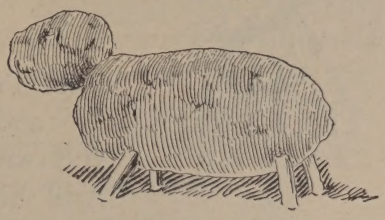


THE MOVER'S WAGON.

They were moving a very, very long way, as far as to Alaska or British Columbia, and would have to stop and rest a great many times. They opened the wheat-boxes to feed the horses, and they took the children out of the wagon so they could rest under a little fir-tree, and they intended to have dinner. But just then Mrs. Dickson called Benjie to come down right away to catch the Dynamo Man's owl for him, for it had hopped under the boarding-house where nobody but Benjie could follow it.

And the other children scrambled down, too, to help Benjie catch the owl. Dorothy caught it as it came hopping out.

After it was caught, they all scrambled back up the Trail once more. Benjie reached camp first, with Dorothy almost at his heels. He shouted "Indians! Indians!" as soon as he got there.



THE POTATO-DOG.

How Dorothy's heart jumped. She did not take a step farther.

"Here they come! Look out!" shouted Benjie. And sure enough, here they did come, right into Dorothy's face, squawking and flopping in the maddest way—for they were Mrs. Dickson's chickens with the big old Plymouth Rock rooster for a chief, and they had robbed the wagon-boxes of every grain of the wheat, and scratched one of the Movers' children out into the dirt, and had eaten up the bread.

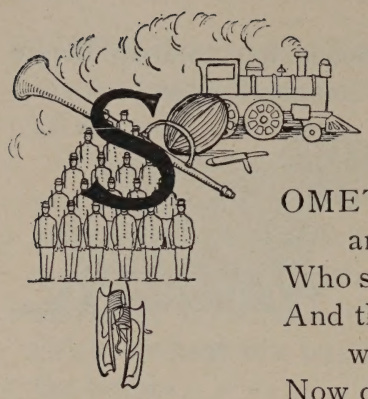
Benjie began to chase them, but Dorothy said, "Oh, don't, Benjie! They're good Indians. They thought the wheat was theirs. Let's call them back and be friends."

But the chicken-Indians would not come back, and the Movers straightened up their wagon and started on, toward Alaska.

(*To be continued*)

Lucia Chase Bell.

SPOT, THE TRICK-DOG.



A Young Philosopher.

SOMETIMES you see people look scowling and mad,
Who say that this world is uncommonly bad,
And the longer you stay here the worse it will be—
Now don't you believe them! Just listen to *me!*

Yesterday I was nine—and this morning I woke
With a knife with two blades, neither one of them broke;
With a whole pound of taffy, most sticky and sweet;
With a drum that will beat any two in the street;
And a real live engine that goes all alone,
With steam that it makes on a fire of its own!

I've twenty brave soldiers that come at my call,
Good men and true men, most gallant and tall;
I've a new pair of skates like my big brother James;
I've a jolly old football that truly plays games;
And a trumpet that makes the most terrible noise—
Oh, this is a beautiful world for boys!

M. E. B.

THE PRIZES—CARELESSNESS.

One can hardly understand how careless people can be in writing about business matters. Never a week goes by but LITTLE FOLKS receives letters from people, not children, but parents, who forget to sign their names and many more omit to give the name of their post office or the State. Still more have an idea that the publisher's memory is infallible and neglect to give full particulars in relation to matters they inquire about. In some cases subscribers ask to have their magazine discontinued and forget to give their address.

In most of these cases, the writer, who is at fault, thinks the publisher ought to learn how to do business and very likely says disagreeable things about him.

Three letters have been received the day this is written (containing money), which are either not signed or have no address. The publisher likes conundrums, easy ones, but he can't guess these.

For several months, a man, whose right name is F. E. Wheeler, but who sometimes uses other names, has swindled people in many towns in Kansas and Missouri. His method is to promise to put a child's picture in the magazine and give a year's subscription for a dollar. The loss of the picture is often felt more keenly than the dollar. Regretting to have LITTLE FOLKS connected with any unpleasant impressions, the publisher will share the loss of any who may have been victimized and will give a six months' subscription free to all who forward their receipts to him. Information which may lead to this man's arrest will be gladly received, and should be sent by wire.

In the October number three prizes of $5.00, $3.00, and $2.00 were offered for the lists of names sent in by subscribers from which we received the largest number of subscriptions. As the three largest lists contained the same number of subscribers, it seemed right to divide the three prizes equally among them. The winners are Mrs. R. C. McKelvay, Davis, W. Va., Miss Ella H. Cunningham, Gloucester, Mass., and Miss Flora N. Cook, Austin, Minn.

THE GREAT MUSICIAN.

Remanyi, the famous violinist, when asked on one occasion why he abstained from flesh foods of all kinds, instantly seized his violin, and after producing one of his marvelous soul-enchanting productions, remarked, "That is the reason—if I ate meat I could not do that." A diet of fruits, properly prepared cereals, with the addition of a few nuts or nut products, is necessary to produce that fine quality of brain and nerves necessary for the highest attainments in music or morals,—all that is best and most glorious in humanity,—and for the simple reason that these food products constitute the natural diet of man. Man is not naturally carnivorous, and his life is shortened and his maladies multiplied by the use of animal flesh as food.

The perfect way in diet is made easy by the remarkable inventions and discoveries of the Battle Creek, Mich., Sanitarium Health Food Co., which have enabled them to produce foods unequaled for nutrient qualities, gustatory properties, and all that goes to make up a perfect nutrient. For a quarter of century the foods of this company have stood the crucial test of practical experience, and have been the means of saving thousands from untimely graves.

Granola, one of the leading products of this company, is now to be obtained from first-class grocers. It has a rich nutty flavor, and three times the food elements of beef, thoroughly cooked, ready for immediate use, with the addition of fruit juice, or milk.

A free sample will be sent to any reader of *Little Folks* who will send the name of a grocer who does not sell Granola, to the Battle Creek, Mich., Sanitarium Health Food Co.

Children Teething.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over **Fifty Years** by **Millions** of **Mothers** for their **Children while Teething**, with **Perfect Success. It Soothes** the **Child, Softens** the **Gums, Allays** all **Pain; cures Wind Colic,** and is the best remedy for **Diarrhœa.** Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy eight years old. I am shut in with a cold. I go to school and I am in the third grade. I like you very much. I can't tell which stories I like best, for I like all of them very much. I wish you would come every day. I am glad you are going to have more of "Billy Boy Brown" and "Bee." We have a smart dog and he can do many cunning tricks. He can sit up, and he can walk on two legs, and jump on two legs, and he can roll to the right and to the left.

Romeyn L. Utley.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

My dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy 5½ years old, and my Grandma gave you to me last Christmas. I am going to take you for another year because I like you so very much. I do not know how to read yet, so my Mama reads to me. I love the story of "Little Mazie" and have already read it three times. I wish, dear *Little Folks*, you came oftener—it seems so long to wait for you. I don't go to school yet—only dancing school, and that I like fine. My Papa is a Doctor and I am going to be one too, when I get big—then I can help him make sick people well. I am telling all my little friends about you, and what a nice magazine you are, for I think there are a great many little boys and girls in Elizabeth who would be so glad to take you. I am going to send you my picture and I hope you will put it in the book, for Grandma will be so surprised.

Edgar B. Grier, Jr.

ROCKVILLE, MD.

Dear Little Folks:—I like "Roggy and Reggy" very much. I am five years old and I have taken you for two years. I like "The Little White Dog" best too. I have a sister who is away at school. She and I have two cats and a dog. My sister's cat is very old and his name is "Tom Martin." The name of our horse is "Gale" but he is *very* slow. I look and look and look at my *Little Folks* so much each month and have everybody read it over so much there is little left of it at the end of the year to bind.

Liley Wood Reich.

CANTON JUNCTION, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I enjoy the Letter Bag so much that I thought I would write to you. I have had you one year and I only wish you would come every week, for sometimes I enjoy you so much that I read you through the day you come. The stories I like best are "The Sea Captain's Children," and "Teddy's Grandmother." I am living with my Aunt and Uncle. My aunt has a little kitten called "Pickie" because she picked that one from four.

Agnes C. Langdon.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

Dear Little Folks:—I am seven years old. My birthday was last week. I got a silver bracelet, a doll with blue eyes and yellow hair, a little chair for her, a buggy, a little yellow lamp with a blue shade, a big bouquet of flowers from my Grandma and lots of candy.

I go to school and learn to read. We play nice games at recess. I like the "*Little Folks*" and the stories I like best are Roggie and "Reggie and "The Little White Dog" and "Jacky Frost."

I live at the State School of Music.

Marjory Kimball.

COMPTON, CAL.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a girl ten years old. I hope other little girls and boys enjoy reading you as much as I do. Where I go to school there are thirty-four scholars in my grade. I live twelve miles from Los Angeles, which is a beautiful city, and nine miles from the Pacific Ocean.

Gladys Baxter,

KALISPELL, MONT.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl eight years old. I like you very much. The stories I like best are "The Yellow-Capped Monkey" and "The Strange Adventures of Mazie."

There are ever so many nice lakes near here. We went camping last summer at a lake called White Fish.

Velma M. Pomeroy.

ARBALADO RANCH, NEW MEXICO.

Dear Little Folks:—You come to me every month and I like to read your nice stories. I am eight years old. I have a burro named "Merrylegs" and she has a baby colt named "Cortez." I like to read the letters from the boys and girls. I liked the story of "Billy Boy Brown" best, and am so glad that you are going to have some more about him. I live in the Rocky Mountains where there are lots of bears. A hunter friend of mine has killed six bears this fall. My brother Harold, is eleven years old. He has a pretty bay pony named "Sampson," and Harold can ride him. We live two miles from school and ride to school on our burros. Its lots of fun. If I send you my picture and Merrylegs' too, will you put us in the magazine? [Yes.]

Edmundson B. Link.

QUEBEC, CANADA.

Dear Little Folks:—Perhaps I am the only little girl, that has, so far, written a letter from Canada. The stories I like best are "The Strange Adventures of Mazie" and "The Story of Tartar." But I like all of them. As soon as you come I sit down and read you right through, never forgetting the Letter Bag. I go to school every day. I like Arithmetic and Reading the best. We have three horses and a little bird. I haven't got a cat or a dog. I was going to get a little dog but I couldn't. I have only been to the States once, and that was to Buffalo. I went there when I was nine years old.

Jean Marsh.

Tender Little Feet

Their careless shoeing is followed by suffering and deformity. Proper shoes cost no more than others of haphazard make. Order by mail, will be sent prepaid, and perfect satisfaction is assured.

INFANTS' hand turned soles, .75, $1.00, $1.25. Sizes 2½ to 6.
CHILD'S hand turned soles, wedge heels, $1.25, $1.50. Widths A to D.
CHILD'S welt soles. Button, Pat. Leather Tips; Lace, Kid Tips, $2.00. Sizes 7 to 10½.
MISSES' Button, Pat. Leather Tips; Lace, Kid Tips, $2.50. Sizes 11 to 2.
LARGE GIRLS' welt soles, spring heels, Button, Pat. Lea. Tips; Lace, Kid Tips, $3.00. Sizes 2½ to 5. Good, plump uppers and soles, roomy toes, but stylish and durable.

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And all Metals.

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For removing Tar, Pitch, Cement, Varnish, Paint, Axle Grease, Blacking, and all impurities from the hands, it is unequaled, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth.

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SAWYER'S Crystal BLUE...

gives a beautiful tint to linens, laces, and goods that are worn and faded.

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I will guarantee to cure the worst case of Rheumatism. I do not ask you to send me one cent. Send me your name and address.

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273 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON. MASS.

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The Suffolk Eng. Co.

FIDALGO, WASH.

Dear Little Folks:—I like you very much. I have had you from the first number. I am a little Washington girl. I live on an island in Puget Sound. There is much beautiful evergreen timber on it; some of the trees are *very* tall and some just right size for Christmas trees. There is water all around us and steamers are going about the Sound all the while. Beyond the bay, to the east, we have a fine view of Mt. Baker; it is a grand snow-crowned mountain. I will write again. I was eight years old last month.

Marguerite White.

KEMPTON, ILL.

Dear Little Folks:—I like you very much. I like "Tartar," Roggie and Reggie" and "Mazie's Adventures" best of all. I wish that you would publish some little pieces just right for little boys about seven years to speak at school. Our horse is named "Fly." We have a kitten named "Teddy Roosevelt" and we have a cat named "Floss" and she's a wise one too; and we have a dog named "Fritz," and he knows "chickens" when he hears the word and then I have some fun seeing him run and drive them away.

Ernest W. Seyster.

OAK PARK, ILLINOIS.

Dear Little Folks:—I wish you would come every week. I am six years old and Mama is writing this for me. The stories I like best are "Roggie and Reggie," "How Jock Saved Betsy" and "What Has the Black Cat Done—Guess." I like the letters so much, thought I would write one. Last year I went to kindergarten—this year am going to an advanced kindergarten where I am learning to read and write.

Jewell Herrick.

WATERLOO, N. Y.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl seven years old. I think you very nice. I can read the story of "Jimmy Crow" very well, and "The Grand Baby" and "Dolly Dumps" and "Sally Smiles" too.

Sarah A. Green.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best,

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$1.00 a year, including any one book or magazine named below, FREE.

THE BABY, By FRANCES SHELDON BOLTON, A book to aid Young Mothers in the physical and mental developement of their Children. Some of the Kindergarten principles as applied to small children in the nursery.

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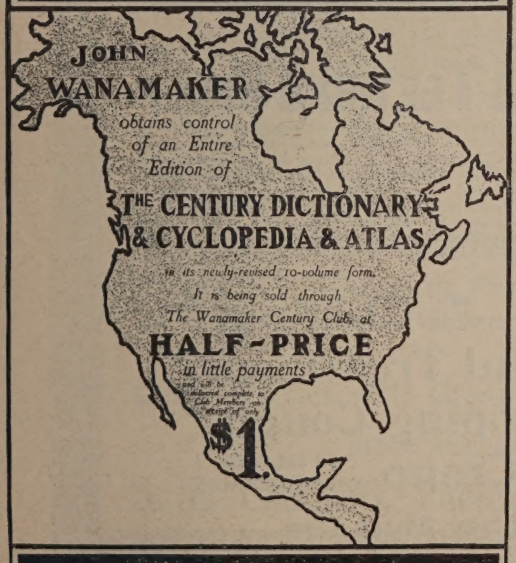

NEW YORK JOHN WANAMAKER

HAGAMAN, N. Y.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl eight years old and I have a bird and Mama has a bird too. I have a little sister and her name is Elizabeth and she is very sweet. I like "Roggie and Reggie" and "Where was the Little White Dog" Donald's Good Hen," "Booboo Stories," and "Billy Boy Brown" the best. I have had you, *Little Folks*, ever since you were published.

Louise Davis.

BROCKTON, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl seven years old. I have taken you one year. Here is a dollar for another year. I like you very much. I have a black horse in the barn named Ned. He has taken me many long rides. I have three pet cats and a number of dolls.

Edith Gertrude Thayer.

ATLANTA, ILL.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl ten years old and like you very much. My Grandma gave you to me last Christmas. I like the story of the "Yellow Capped Monkey," "The Story of Tartar," and "The Sea Captains Children," the best. I have a pet banty hen named "Dewey," a dog named "Wrinkles," and a canary named "Sweetheart." My little chum Clara Wefer and I have lots of fun in my little playhouse. I have a little iron stove that I can really cook on. We often get our own breakfast. I have all kinds of dolls, a Chinese, Japanese, Esquimau, Darkey, A Nun, A Quaker, Red Riding Hood, Bride and Groom, beside my big doll that opens and shuts her eyes—she has real hair

Queenie Bail Arnold.

STATE HOSPITAL, FOUNTAIN SPRINGS, PA.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy nine years old. I live in the middle hard coal regions of Pennsylvania. Uncle Hugh lives in the soft coal regions. I am a namesake of uncle Rob's; he is not married. We have coal banks all around us and some are on fire. We have an old horse, 18 years old; his name is "Cap." We ride and drive him. We have four setter dogs; "Grant," is the oldest, he is 14 years old.

John and I go to dancing school every Saturday and like it very much, especially John. I read you all through myself. I like "Jimmy Crow," and "The Little Yellow Capped Monkey" best. John and I read all the letters because they come from all parts of the world. We sold our "white rabs." John and I play on the mandolin together. My sister dont like to practice on her violin.

Robert Mc R. Biddle.

EVANSTON. ILL.

Dear Little Folks:—I was eight years old in December. I like to read you. I have one sister fourteen years old. We both have a kitty. I named mine "Liberty" and sister named hers "Toots Willard," after Miss Frances Willard's cat. I would like a big dog, if I had one I would name it "Czar." I got you for my Xmas.

Richard Lindgram Forrey.

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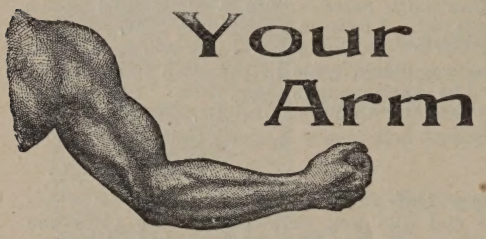

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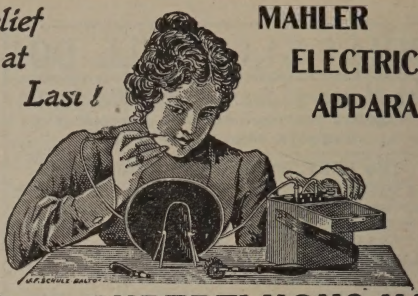

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The following letters have been received minus signatures or address, some of them containing money. A complete address should be sent to S. E. Cassino, Little Folks, Salem, Mass.

E. Tancey, Bridgeport, ?
Mrs. George H. Gilbert, Fulton, ?
F. L. Jordan, ? ?
Mrs. Geo. A. Newell, ? ?
Josiah Gilbert, ? ?

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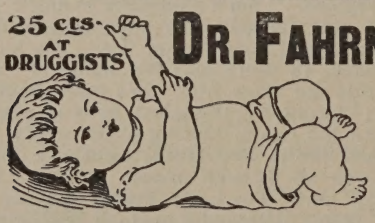
Dr. Hand's Cough and Croup Medicine. Instantly relieves the most obstinate case of Croup—cures it, too. No bad after effects. Disposes of Coughs just as effectively—big folks or little ones. "Best Cough and Croup medicine in the world," they say. Who says? Every one who has used it. All druggists.



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THE PRIZES ARE:

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$5.00 for the best picture of children with pets;
$5.00 for the funniest picture of child-life.

The Competition is Open to all amateurs and also to professional photographers. Technical qualities will be considered, but the awards will be based chiefly on the *interestingness* of the photographs *as pictures*. "Blue prints" are excluded.

No Restriction as to size of photographs or the number submitted.

The Prize Photographs are to belong to LITTLE FOLKS.

Those Not Winning Prizes, if of sufficient merit, will be purchased. Others will be returned, if postage is sent with them.

Competition will Close June 1, 1900.

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S. E. CASSINO, Publisher, Salem, Mass.

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Then on the sponge as soft as down, a cake of Ivory rub,
A towel spread on Mary's lap, a baby—all undressed:
A splash, a dip, a foamy dash, then baby's cradle nest.

Ivory Soap—It Floats.

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